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Who He Was



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Chapter 1 by Abigail Reigner

When Terrence died, my whole life seemed to stop. All the days of hiding in our tree house were gone. There was nothing left, except the old, beaten-up cabinet of comic books that his mother wanted me to have. He and I collected comics together our whole childhood, and we combined our collections at the age of ten, for convenience. She told me that they belonged with no better person.

I smiled weakly, and loaded the cabinet into my small car. It wasn't until I got home that I found his best kept secret stashed in between copies of weathered magazines.

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